

The D—'s Taste



Jas. Smith Inv^r et Sc.

Published according to Act of Parliament

T H E

St. James's Register:

O R,

TASTE A-LA-MODE.

C O N T E N T S.

[Which the Readers are desir'd to peruse with Attention.]

The Rev. RAKE: Being Faithful Memoirs of the Progress of a — his Ways and Art of Management with a Woman; his Letter to B. C. [now married, and made a Lady.] and, lastly, concluding with his Lady's Journey to London, in a violent Ill Humour, on hearing of his Amours.

The Dutchess's Taste. See the Frontispiece.

A — F — to Count Tranvillo. A Real Case. In which Epistle it is made appear, that Great Men are often guilty of very little Actions.

The RIVAL CONCUBINES: Being an Epistle from Dr. Anodyne's Daughter, to a Young Lady in great Despair. To which is added, a familiar Discourse between Jane Shore and Fair Rosamond.

Tartuffe's Banquet: Or, a Key to the Picture, lately publish'd.

Vanella in Mourning; with a Pill double gilt, to comfort her.

The C — RAKE: Or, Alexis in Drury-Lane. Being an exact Description of a late Adventure. Faithful Memoirs of Sir F. M. who was a great Sufferer by the C — C —, a Dealer in Stocks, and many Other Things and Commodities.

The Buxom Lady. Inscib'd to a Gentleman noted for his Skill in Surgery and Anatomy.

W O M A N convinc'd: Being an Epistle suppos'd to be written by a certain great Poet, and inscrib'd to a very pretty Lady, [an intolerable Wit!] and which Epistle was, by her very great Lord, forbid to be printed; so that, had not this little, diminutive, Very Great Poet [luckily] preserv'd a Copy of this Epistle deliver'd in MS. the Publick had intirely lost the Benefit of reading to mere a Trifle.

F — l's Labour.

An Epistle to Miss N —, lately promoted.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by Edmund Cook, near Ludgate-Hill. 1736.

(Price One Shilling.)

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The Rev. RAKE.

*Quoth Ralpho, you mistake the Matter,
For in all Scruples of this Nature,
No Man includes himself, nor turns
The Point upon his own Concerns.
As no Man of his own self catches
The Itch, or amorous French Aches;
So no Man does himself convince,
By his own Doctrine of his Sins.
And 'tis not what we do, but say,
In Love and Preaching that must sway.*

HUD.

TIS sufficiently known that Father *Pedro* had been an amorous Spark in his youthful Days, but it has been Matter of great Astonishment to every one who has heard of his late Intrigues; for when a Man is turn'd of 50, one would think his amorous Flames wou'd burn but dully, and might very well be quench'd by his Lady in *Paris*, without giving himself the Trouble of coming to *London* twice a Year.

But, in short, he is so great an Admirer of an *Englisb* Commodity, that he will run any Risque to die at the Feet of a S——y B——n, B—— C——, or C—— P——.

Whether

Whether it be customary for *Roman* Priests to frequent Balls and Masquerades, I cannot say, (tho' I am satisfy'd it would be counted Scandalous for any of the *Protestant* Clergy) yet he ventur'd to engage in this Scene of Iniquity in *January* last, and was sedann'd at three in the Morning, from thence to a certain Bag-nio, with a Brace of Ladies Fair, but he desiring to give them severe Discipline (as the Ladies protest) they thought proper to throw the Instruments of Correction (in a great Passion) out of the Window, which unluckily fell into the Coach of a very Great Man, and, in all Probability, may cause a good Job for the Press.

The Ladies immediately left their *Roman* Hero to himself, and were conducted, by the Waiters, to other Company, to whom they related what had happ'd.

Father *Pedro*, being resolv'd to have a pleasant Night on't, call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and immediately wrote the following Letter.

To Mrs. B—— C——, near C—— G——.

Dear Madam,

I Am just come to Town, and desire you'll favour me with your Company — Don't stand for Dress, but take Chair instantly, and the Bearer will conduct you to your impatient Lover,

PEDRO.

After he had dispatch'd the Porter with the above Letter, he call'd one of the Waiters, and desir'd that Mrs. C—— (the Lady he had sent for, might not know how long he had been in Town, or that he had had other Women in Company with him : But he might have saved himself this Trouble, the Porter returning without the fair Lady, only with this Answer, *viz.* That she was married, and had left her Lodgings.

This makes good the old Saying, That one Misfortune seldom comes, but others follow ; for the young Gypsies, who just before had quitted the Room, came with their Gallants (to whom they had related how Father *Pedro* would have us'd them) and mortify'd the old Gentleman in a lamentable Manner : But this is not all, for in the mean time (to his great Surprize) up comes his Lady, * in a violent ill Humour. I will leave the Reader to guess how a Wife would behave under such aggravating Circumstances, and so close the Scene.

* A certain young Gentleman, who had taken Distake to Father *Pedro*, is charg'd with letting his Wife know of his Amours, and even conducting her to the Place of Rendezvous.

The D——'s TASTE.

WHEN Strength declines, and unrelent-
less Age
Threatens to sweep us from this World's great
Stage,

Fearful

Fearful of Death, the most unwelcome Guest,
 By Day we find no Ease, by Night no Rest;
 For Recipe's we part with hoarded Wealth,
 Hoping they may restore our pristine Health;
 To them, though nauseous, we have then
 Recourse,

And wilfully experience all their Force.
 But if Prescriptions ineffectual prove,
 And can't by any Means the Cause remove,
 Some other Methods, by Advice, we try,
 Life to preserve, though Death's Approach
 is nigh.

So have I seen a Dutchess, read in Cares,
 Bending beneath the Weight of eighty Years,
 Immensely wealthy; scorn'd, despis'd by all,
 As well the Greater Vulgar, as the Small.
 Perplex'd with anxious Thoughts, of Death
 afraid,

She spar'd no Cost, but various Ways essay'd;
 Restoratives and Cordials did no good,
 Nor had they Power to warm her frozen
 Blood;

Age baffl'd all the Sons of *Galen's* Art,
 Yet to ward off the ghastly Tyrant's Dart,
 Resolv'd she was, what Milk could do, to try,
 For her good Grace was very loth to die:
 The Emblematick Nipple strait she takes,
 And Food of every other Kind forsakes.

THE
FALSE P-----

A—— F—— to Count *Tranvillo*.

A REAL CASE.

WITH Grief in Heart, Tears trickling
down her Face,
The poor *Alicia* writes her mournful Case.
'Tis still some Ease, tho' hopeless to succeed,
To vent her Woes, and outwardly to bleed.
Left by the Lord, who taught her first to
love,
Her Suff'rings may, at least, his Pity move;
For that, alas! is all she must expect,
Who finds her Love repaid with cold Neglect.

Why, faithless P——, did you first draw
me in?

Why teach a harmless Maid the Joys of Sin?
B Maid,

Maid, did I say! wou'd I still wore that
Name,

Then less had been your Guilt, and less my
Shame :

But now undone, abandon'd, and forlorn,
I'm left my ruin'd Chastity to mourn.

Why, foolish Maid, did I forsake the Plains,
Where Truth, and Innocence, and Virtue
reigns ?

Where the poor, honest Hind, devoid of Art,
Constant to one, courts always from his
Heart.

Happy, thrice happy then had been my Fate,
Nor had I now my Folly wept too late.

Then to some honest Clown I had been Wife,
And led an innocent, tho' humble Life :

Now must I live a constant Prey to Care,
And waste my Days in Anguish and Despair.

Why was I drawn from my obscure Retreat?

Why was it my hard Lot t' approach the
Great ?

Why was I brought this cursed Town to see?
(The Residence of nought but Treachery)

Why, O *Tranvillo*! was I shown thy Face?

The Cause of all my Mis'ry and Disgrace.

Why didst thou, *basely*, use thy utmost Art,

To win my *Virgin*, and unguarded Heart,

If, soon as gain'd, thou quitst the ruin'd Maid,

Why was I to thy faithless Arms betray'd?

Yet wou'd *Tranvillo* to her once return,

Soon wou'd the fond *Alicia* cease to mourn ;

Soon she'd dry up her Tears in his Embraces,

And not with any She alive change Places.

Why

Why do I rave? Imagination vain!
 Love, when once fled, never returns again:
 Yet fain I'd know wherefore thy Flame's
 decay'd,
 And why my Passion is with Sights repaid.
 Oft hast thou vow'd, when on my Breast
 reclin'd,
 Eternal Faith, but Vows, alas! are Wind:
 Oft hast thou, on these Lips, avouch'd it true,
 I've giv'n thee Joys, *dull Marriage never*
 knew.
 Imbitter'd Joys, which Eagle-like take Wing,
 And Serpent-like too leave behind a Sting.
 Full oft thou'st sworn, when lock'd within
 my Arms,
 My haughty Rival had not half my Charms:
 Nor didst thou falsely swear, who will be Judge,
 Tho' in a Coach she ride, on Foot I trudge:
 Let her all borrow'd Ornaments despise,
 And naked, *Venus* like, dispute the Prize:
 Then you, a second *Paris*, both survey,
 And to the Conq'rour give yourself away:
 My Eyes, I trust, will not be found less bright,
 My Breasts less firm, my Skin less snowy white.
 Nor shou'd thy wanton Glances lower rove,
 Wou'dst thou less tempting find the *Seat of*
 Love.
 Ev'n she herself, tho' by Resentment fir'd,
 And Jealousy my hidden Charms admir'd;
 When, back'd by'r Woman, on a Bed she
 threw
 Poor helpless me, and ALL expos'd to view;
 B 2 Whilst

Whilst she the *Secrets of Love's Cave* explor'd,
 Curious to find the *Traces of her Lord*;
 No *Traces* then she found, but all was fair,
 The *Cruel Spoiler* had not yet been there:
 Wou'd he had ne'er, unless he'd constant prove,
 And ever share with me the *Sweets of Love*.

The RIVAL CONCUBINES:

O R,

*A Letter from Dr. Anodyne's Daughter, to
 a certain Young Lady of Quality in great
 Despair.*

Madam,

THough you have but little Reason to expect a consolatory Epistle from your humble Servant, meaning myself, it not being very usual for two Rivals (especially Rivals for a princely Sugar-stick) to keep any Correspondence together, or write any Letters to each other, unless they are full of *Billingsgate* and Invectives. My Good-Nature gets so much the better of all Jealousy and Envy, that I could not hear without Concern of your ill State of Health, and of that grievous Despair which is known to have occasioned it. As I may one Day have the same Cause for Despair as you have at present, I have made some serious Reflections upon it, and maturely considered how I should be able

able to support it, and as the same Arguments and Methods which I find would comfort me under the disagreeable Circumstance of wearing the Willow, may be of Service to you, I could not be so ill-natur'd not to communicate them to you, hoping they may prove of some Use and Advantage. Did never any poor Woman lose her Play-thing before? Yes, Thousands. And you will not pretend you want for any Thing. Thank the Stars, you are pretty well provided for, and are Mistress of a fine Fortune, and what is still better, of your own Will. O but you can't bear the Loss of your *Arbor Vitæ*. I am asham'd of you, if it had come from a raw Girl who had never known what was what, but by her sporting with the Man who first deluded her, it would have been tolerable; but for you, who if you are not greatly belied, was a well experienced Woman before your princely Rover took you to his Arms, it is quite nauseous. Did you never hear of such a Lady as the D—— of C——? Pray what did she do with the D—— of P——, got the princely Sugar-stick from her? Did she pine, and whine, and cry like a great Girl? No, she wisely provided herself with a Supply of good strong back'd Porters and Carmen, able bodied Men, who for Half a Crown would do her Drudgery better than any L—— or P—— in Christendom. And are not there as good, and as strong Men, aye and full as willing too, to help a poor Woman at a dead Lift, in our Days?

Days? Yes, marry are there, and *entre nous*, when you have once try'd them, you will never regret the Loss of little Wagtail, no more then the aforesaid D—— did that of old R——. But because Example goes before Precept, and one may not be sufficient, I will corroborate that by another, which you may depend to be Matter of Fact. It is this :

Cleora, a *French* Lady of Quality, of an ancient Family, and but of a small Fortune, was married by her Parents to Count *Gorillon*, a Nobleman of a new Creation, but infinitely rich, and who in Consideration of the Match, had made her a very considerable Jointure. Never two Turtles liv'd with more Love and Unity than the Count and *Cleora*; he was passionately fond of her, and though he was but of an odd Temper, she was not much behind him in her Affection. In short, they were too happy to live long together.

They had been between five and six Years together, when the Count was seized with a Fever so violent, that from the very Beginning he was judged past all Hopes of Recovery. *Cleora* was grieved thereat to the highest Degree, never stirred from his Bed's Head, sat up every Night with him herself: In short, was an uncommon Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity and Affection.

Her Grief increased every Day, because she every Day saw her dear Count's Danger increase. But when at a Week's End the Physicians

ficians had given him over, she abandon'd herself to the most violent Despair, and talk'd of no less than following him to his Tomb, if she should be so unhappy as to survive him.

At last, on the eighth Day, the fatal Moment of Separation came ; she had made but one continual Cry for three Hours, so that her Friends were obliged to force her out of the Room, that she might not disturb her Husband in his last Moments : And when the Sorrow painted in the Faces of her Domesticks gave her to understand he was no more, she fell into a Swoon, from whence she only recovered to drown herself in a Deluge of Tears.

Whatever Care they took, she got away, and ran to her Husband's Corpse, uncover'd his Face, and not all the Horrors of Death could prevent her embracing and kissing it. Her Friends therefore did not think proper to expose her Grief to a Sight which served only to augment it ; wherefore they obliged her to leave the House, till the Funeral Ceremony should be over, and the Countess of *Monteclairs*, her Friend, carried her to her House in the same Street, about thirty Doors off.

She pass'd the Night without its being possible to give her any Consolation ; at last in the Morning, her Spirits being exhausted with Weeping, a stupid Heaviness succeeded, and she fell into a little Slumber. While it lasted Care was taken not to disturb her, only to be

be ready at her Call if she should want any Thing ; but at Length in the Evening, whilst the Countess of *Montclair* was gone to Church, where all Things were preparing for the Burial, it being the Custom in *France* to bury soon, young *Montclair* enter'd the fair Widow's Chamber, and found her just coming out of a second Slumber, and waking with profound Sighs.

Montclair was a very handsome young Fellow, but one of those Butterflies by Profession who flutter about every where, and burn their Wings at every Candle. He enter'd into her Grief, bewail'd her Loss, and at last having insinuated himself into her Favour, by a Concert of Sighs, he began with the Reason Suit, she ought to be comforted ; and gave her to understand, that Heaven having thus disposed of a Husband whom she dearly loved, whilst she was at an Age to make a second happy, she ought to set Bounds to her Sorrow.

This comforting Moral had a very good Effect ; as fast as he spoke he found he was less interrupted by the Widow's Sighs, and at last the great Storm of her Grief being over, she entered herself into the Reasons why she ought to be comforted. As soon as *Montclair* saw the Success of his good Advice, and that the fair Widow gave him a quiet Hearing, other Views came into his Head then those he had when he entered the Room : And whether her Grief, or the Bed made any
Addition

Addition to her Beauty, he spoke to her as if he should be glad to be himself her Comforter.

The haughty Air she put on when he first made the Declaration did not hinder him from proceeding; he had too much Experience in the Sex to be daunted at the first Obstacles; but making use of Protestations, Offers, and Oaths, with Abundance of Praises for the passionate Affection she shew'd for a Husband who was no longer in a Condition to be sensible thereof, he brought her at last to confess he was the most capable Man in the World to comfort an afflicted Widow.

They were upon this mutual Confession of the Liking they had for each other, when the Singing Boys, and the Lights gave Notice that the Funeral was passing before the Door. The Tears and Lamentations she had bestow'd the Day before upon the News of his Death, were now changed into a profound Silence whilst the Procession was passing by; and at last when all was gone, they entered again upon their former Discourse, and did not part till they had agreed, the one to suffer herself to be comforted, and the other not to omit any Thing for her Consolation.

Next Day she returned home, and the whole Family being prepossess'd with an Opinion, that they should have the greatest Difficulty imaginable to appease, had prepared three or four Batteries of good Fathers, whom they brought her one after another to preach Pa-

tience to her. She play'd her Part very well, and began her Sighs and Sobs after the same Rate as before ; but she only play'd this Farce just as long as was necessary, to make it believed it was to their spiritual Advice she was indebted for the Tranquillity of Mind she began to recover.

She was no longer taken up with any Thoughts but of her dear *Montclair* ; their Neighbourhood, and the Friendship of his Sister-in-Law gave him Access to her, and for six Weeks he visited her very assiduously ; but the particular Consolations she received from him, did not hinder her from keeping up the Appearance of the deepest Mourning that ever was seen.

In the mean while the great Riches she had gained by her Marriage, with her Youth, Beauty, and Family, made several Persons have a Design upon her, and amongst others the Baron *de Vateville*, but he met with a very cool Reception, her Heart being wholly taken up with *Montclair*, notwithstanding which he did not give over his Pursuit. Unfortunately for her *Montclair* was naturally very inconstant, and avoided all Engagements which tended to deprive him of his Liberty ; wherefore as she pressed him continually to give her some Assurance he would marry her, he had found out another Object more proper for that Sort of Love, which was most agreeable to his Fancy, and grew negligent in his Visits to *Cleora*.

As

As true Love is seldom without Jealousy, the poor Widow took the Alarm, one Night when he had promised to sup with her, and disappointed her; and as he made but a sorry Excuse for it in a Letter next Day, and informed her likewise that some Business would prevent his seeing her that Night, she set so many and such diligent Spies after him, that she found he supp'd that Night with his new Mistress; in short, and that she was absolutely forsaken by him.

All the Grief and Sorrow she had felt at the Death of her Husband was nothing to her Fury and Affliction at the Loss of her Lover. Her Sighs, her Sobs, her Tears and Complaints, never ceas'd as long as the Night lasted; neither did the Day dry up her Tears, and she wou'd perhaps have buried herself alive in her Despair, if *Vateville*, having had Intelligence how Matters stood, from a Servant he had gained over to his Interest by his Liberality, had not ventur'd to take this very Opportunity to get her Consent.

His good Fortune was more sudden than he could possibly have hoped; for *Cleora*, who had been comforted for the Death of her Husband, by meeting unexpectedly with a brisk Lover, thought she cou'd find no better way to comfort herself for the Loss of that Lover, than by choosing another Husband as suddenly. Wherefore, though *Vateville* enter'd her Apartment at a Time when she was almost drowned in Tears, he never left her

till she was fully comforted, by signing a Contract of Marriage, which was only delay'd till the Writings cou'd be got ready, and the necessary Preparations for celebrating the Wedding with the utmost Magnificence.

Thus, Madam, I have given you an Example, which I myself would follow were I in the same Case, and which I hope you will have the Prudence to take. You know what the Song says,

*Leave Crying, leave Fooling,
Don't make such a Pother ;
One Man, like one Nail,
Serves to drive out another.*

I would not have you mistake me though, Madam, and follow the Widow's Example too literally ; I mean I would not have you have Recourse to Matrimony for a Cure : No, Marriage is by no Means proper for People in some Circumstances ; and one brisk Gallant is worth ten surly, jealous Husbands, who will be always hitting one in the Teeth with the Slips of one's Youth ; take Care therefore not to fall into that Snare. And, for the rest, as long as you are young, handsome, and rich, never fear having as many Gallants as you please ; take the first pretty Fellow that asks you the Question ; keep constant to him just as long as he is constant to you ; and when he leaves you, comfort yourself for his Loss in the Arms of another,

as

as young, as brisk, and as vigorous as he,
Probatum est,

Dear Madam,

Your sincere Well-wisher,

ANODYNA.

*A Familiar Dialogue between Fair Rosamond
and Jane Shore.*

Rosm. **T**HOUGH we have both of us been for a considerable Time Inhabitants of these *gloomy Regions*, I could never before meet with an Opportunity of comparing Notes with you, and enquiring a little how Love and Gallantry went forward in *Old England* in your Days; for if I am not mightily mistaken, the Parts you and I play'd upon the Theatre of the World were much alike; and as there was a great Resemblance in our Lives, there was likewise some in our Deaths, since we both met with a violent End, I by the Jealousy of an imperious Wife, who had been as *right as my Leg herself*, and could not bear to *see a Bit escape her*, and you by the Malice of a *hump-back'd Tyrant*, who being conscious no Woman could love him, had a Spite against the whole Sex, especially the most Beautiful.

J. Sh.

J. Sh. Your Observations, Madam, are very just; we were both Mistresses to Kings, and both came to untimely Ends; in which (notwithstanding the vast Distance of Time that has since intervened) I can't help thinking our Fate a little hard, since by all the Enquiries I have been able to make, we are the only two who met with such cruel Usage; and yet, *Venus* be praised, there have been Royal Punks enough since our Days: Punks Triumphant, who by their Influence over the fleshly S——r, managed the golden one likewise as they pleased; were the Arbiters of Peace and War, and either made Leagues, or broke Leagues, just as they pleased. But our Misfortune was, your Keeper had not the Sense to keep an imperious Wife under, and I, as much a Punk as I was, must have no more Wit than to value myself upon my Loyalty, and advise *H——gs*, my second Keeper, not to be a Traitor; which cost me my Life, at a Time when there was no Law but the Usurper's Will. Ah! had we been Mistresses to some Monarchs of late Years.

Rosm. Why, what if we had, what shou'd we have got by that?

J. Sh. What shou'd we have got by that! we should have lived like Queens; nay, in Effect we should have been Queens, only others would have had the Title, whilst we should have had the Power; as two certain Ladies of Quality, lately arrived here, have assured me. Not but they say the Times are
pretty

pretty good still; and Whoring is so far from being out of Vogue, that every Winter there are certain *fashionable Assemblies*, call'd *Balls*, frequented by almost all the Ladies of the best Rank, where every one appears *mask'd*, and consequently is under no Restraining; where neither Musick is wanting to soften, Dancing to fire, nor Plenty of the richest Wines, Cordials, and Viands to provoke; in short, where Modesty wou'd not only be thought unseasonable, but ridiculous.

Rosm. Blessed Tydings, on my Word! what a Pity it is we can't take the other Trip thither! By what I can find, our Profession is so far from being scandalous, that we should be in the Height of the Mode, and might hope to be visited by the best of Company.

J. Sh. Aye, marry might we, for none but *poor Whores* are reckoned *scandalous* now a days; and if only Women of strict Honour were to be suffered to appear at C——, it is to be feared there would be very thin D——g R——ms.

TARTUFFE's

TARTUFFE's BANQUET:

Or, A KEY to the Picture.

TARTUFFE, a Priest of *Romish* Church,
 Who often left her in the Lurch,
 Addicted much himself to Drinking,
 To starve off the Fatigue of *Thinking*,
 Which much impair'd the Mind, he said,
 Engend'ring Vapours in the Head.
 As he drank much, so much he eat,
 But seldom fed on Butchers Meat;
 The choicest Viands grac'd his Table,
 He eat and drank as long as able;
Ragous and *Kick-shaws* every *Sunday*,
 With right *Champaigne*, and good *Burgundy*:
 On Week Days his capacious Belly
 He pamper'd with rich Creams and Jelly:
 Ancient nor modern Pharisee
 A greater Hypocrite could be.

His Curates were like Skeletons,
 Scarce any Skin upon their Bones;
 He told them, Abstinence was good
 To cool the Fever of the Blood,
 That it enliven'd Sense and Reason,
 And never countenanc'd *High Treason*;
 In the next World, who hop'd for Bliss,
 Must suffer patiently in this;

Glorious

Glorious were Poverty and Rags,
 More precious than a Miser's Bags.
 With Rev'rence low, the starv'ling Crew
 Made their Obeisance, and withdrew.

Tartuffe to Eating turn'd again,
 But first drank Bumpers of *Champaign*.

*The C—— RAKE: Or, Alexis in Drury
 Lane.*

MAnkind is too prone to commit what is forbidden, and launch into all the Extravagancies that the Dictates of Nature suggest to them, which often prove prejudicial to their Health, and sometimes fatal in their Consequences. These Sallies and Excursions may be excusable in Youth, if not too frequently repeated, because their Reason, by which they are more immediately distinguished from Brutes, is not arrived to Maturity; or, to speak in the Language of the Moderns, because the thin Cloud, which covers their Reason, is not dispers'd, and therefore these Sallies will admit of an Excuse, or at least be palliated by attributing them to their Indiscretion, and Want of Judgment; but when Adult Persons run into such unwarrantable Lengths, they have no Plea, or the least Shadow of Pretence, to screen themselves from being pronounced Guilty.

D

What

What led me into these Reflections was a Frolick (as they term it) which some Noblemen took lately in scouring *Drury Lane*, among whom was a Person of distinguished Rank, named *Alexis*. Having met at the Place of *Rendezvous*, and disguising themselves in such a manner, as they imagined that no one could discover them, they rush'd out, with Sticks in their Hands, as long as Quarter-staffs, and without any Attendants: Though their Intention was criminal in its self, yet their first Adventure was a Piece of Knight-Errantry truly laudable. As they were passing by a Linnen-Drapers Shop, they heard the soft Cries of a young Maiden in Distress, whereupon they look'd in, but could not see any body; but the Cries being repeated, they ventured to search the Shop, and behind the Compter, under the Window, they perceived the Draper endeavouring to ravish his Neighbour's Daughter (whom he had enticed thither). They secured the audacious Ruffian, rescued the Maiden, and as a Mob usually gathers together on a slighter Occasion, their Number on this Account was very great, and the Knights-Errant took the Opportunity of mingling themselves with them, and by that means got off undiscovered. What followed the Villain's Attempt is not very material to the present Purpose; but as the Readers may be desirous to be informed how the Linnen Draper came off, let it suffice to tell them, that the Maiden having given a
Detail

Detail of what she had suffered, they carried her before a Magistrate, who, upon her Affidavit, granted a Warrant for apprehending the Draper; but he having received Intelligence thereof, compounded the Matter, by giving the Parents, who were poor People, the Sum of One Hundred Pounds, and a Bond for the Payment of the like Sum to the Daughter on the Day of her Marriage. But to return:

As they strol'd along, they pick'd up as many Strumpets as they could meet, and carried them to a Tavern, and sent a Porter to bring as many as he could find, till a last the Room, though spacious, was crowded like the Pit on the first Night of a New Play. It was then agreed, that every Man should chuse for himself, which was done accordingly, and those Ladies who were so unfortunate to be dislik'd by these *Men of Taste*, took Pett, and were immediately sedan'd to *Tom King's*, and related the whole Affair.

H—, looking earnestly on his Doxy, said, he would make an Exchange, for, Madam, continued he, the last time I had an Affair with you, you gave me a swinging *C—p*. Pardon me, my Lord, if I contradict you, for you know very well that you bought it, at the small Price of Five Guineas.

We must not forget *Posture Nan* (the greatest Mistress in that Way of any of her Sex) who now began to shew them how the Al-

dermen walk'd in *Guild Hall*; the Method of Shooting *London Bridge*; and likewise manifested to them the Method of drinking a Health to *Jos*; and while she was proceeding to shew other Postures, *Alexis*, who had no Relish for such bare-fac'd Impudence, withdrew to another Room with his little *Bona Roba*, who was handsome, and had a good Share of Modesty.

Upon their Return to their Company, *Alexis* was struck with Astonishment, to see the Women dancing naked, and presently desired them to dress themselves and withdraw. As soon as the Ladies had quitted the Room, a Motion was made to go and visit Mother *Titchburn*, which they all readily agreed to. At length they set out, and soon came to the House where this infamous Baud liv'd, who seeing them as they entered, laid by her *Bible*, which she sometimes read, and made it serve as a Cloak to cover her Wickedness. She began to salute them in her accustomed Manner, with a How do ye, my Sons? I am glad to see you. Where are my Daughters? *Molly, Nanny, Suky, Betty!* Is there no body in the Way to accommodate my Children? What a distracted House will this be, when I leave it, and go to the Place of Rest! Presently half a Dozen weather-beaten Strumpets appear'd, and a Kind of *Duenna*, or Mistress, that observ'd the Motions of young Creatures, who were to be sacrificed for Lucre, leading in a ruddy Com-

Complexion'd Country Girl. *Alexis* singled her out, and the old Bawd told him *Twenty Guineas* was the lowest Price of her Maiden-head, which he agreed to pay, provided she prov'd a pure Virgin. They immediately withdrew, and the Girl address'd herself thus to *Alexis*: Sir, I believe you are a Gentleman, therefore have Compassion on my miserable Condition, who have hitherto been preserved from Ruin: I am a Gentlewoman, and have ran away from my Parents, and when I came to this wicked Town, was met at the Inn by the Bawd of this House, who decoy'd me hither, under a Pretence of getting a Place for me in a reputable Family. Here I have been three Months, and as I am now in her Debt, she threatens to cast me into a Jail, except I purchase my Redemption by forfeiting my Virginity to the highest Bidder. *Alexis* was sensibly touch'd with the Relation of her Misfortunes, and promised to send one next Day to release her from her Captivity. He was punctual to his Word, and a Lodging was provided for her, and being equipp'd with Necessaries, he sent her in the Stage Coach to her Parents.

Having satisfied Mother *Titchburn*, they return'd to their proper Habitations.

VANELLA

*VANELLA in Mourning ; with a Pill
double gilt to comfort Her.*

THAT there is nothing new under the Sun, was the Saying of the wisest Man that ever breathed ; it is now become an indubitable Maxim, it is proved by Experience in every Age, and you yourself are a Confirmation of it. You will tell me, perhaps, that you surrender'd upon honourable Terms ; pardon me, Madam, if my Sentiments do not chime with yours, and the Reason I give for it is, that no Action can be said to be honourable which is attended with Disgrace and Dishonour : 'Tis a Contradiction in itself, and granting that you were Judge in your own Case, you would tacitly allow what I say to be true.

Had you not delivered up the Fortrefs, which you might, and in Prudence ought to have defended, you would have acquired an immortal Name, and have been transmitted to Posterity in the Annals of Fame, as one of the greatest Heroines of the Age ; but I fear there was Treachery in the Case, and if so, then you have not the least Shadow of Pretence to Honour, for as you were plentifully supplied with Ammunition and Provision, the Siege would have quickly been raised. If I am rightly informed, you complain of a
Breach

Breach of Articles, I wish I knew how they were circumstantiated, and that the Particulars on which you ground your Complaint, had been specified; I then should have been enabled to answer them in Form. All that I can say to that Point at present must be in general, and I will venture to assert that no Prisoner of War has ever met with a more honourable Treatment, than that of which you have participated. Where then is the Foundation for Complaint? If I make one Conquest, am I thereby restrained from pursuing my Victories? As Fortune is not permanent, we ought therefore to bask ourselves while she smiles, for we know not how soon she may change, and her Frowns occasion us to mourn. Madam, you are not the first who has experienced the Inconstancy of this slippery Goddess, who often raises us above our Expectation, and then takes a Pleasure in casting us down from the Pinnacle of our aspiring Hopes. Why then do you spend your Time in fruitless Murmurs and Complaints, for which no Remedy can be found? As you brought yourself into Captivity, enjoy the Indulgence that is granted you; but it is meer Folly, and a great Presumption to imagine that the Conqueror will submit to, or be commanded by the Conquered: Banish therefore such idle and ridiculous Notions, which proceed from a vain distempered Mind, and cannot be the Effects of Sense or Reason.

When

*When Reason, Particulate Divine, and Sense,
From their allotted Seats their Flight com-
mence ;*

*Folly and Phrenzy presently appear,
And place themselves by Usurpation there.*

This, dear Madam, is a Pill of Comfort, double gilt, nor are there any bitter Ingredients in the Composition, which consists of the choicest Aromatics that can be produced ; I design to prescribe several more for you according to Art. As we are constituted rational Creatures by Heaven, so Reason is the Characteristic by which we are distinguished from the Brutes of the Field, but what are we like, when we suffer Rage, Jealousy, Passion, Anger, &c. to deprive us of that inestimable Blessing ? Do we differ from Brutes at such a Time in any Thing that is visible, except our outward Form ? In Hopes, Madam, that a Fable may have a good Effect upon you, I here present you with one.

THE CARDINAL and his GUESTS.

A Cardinal, depriv'd of Hope,
That he should ever be a Pope,
Lamented much his doleful Fate,
And thought not on a future State :
Ambition re-possess'd his Mind,
No Cure his Eminence could find.

He

*He various Times, and various Ways,
To crown his fruitless Wish essays ;
But finding all his Labour lost,
He raises strait a numerous Host ;
As Envy, Passion, and Despair,
Rage, Malice, Jealousy, and Care,
With their Concomitants ; a Crew,
The worst that Mortal ever knew.*

*Hell's Off-springs, these were his lov'd Guests,
He raves, and stares, and never rests ;
In vain Physicians do prescribe,
They never thought that such a Tribe
Of sooty Fiends had got Possession,
Nor would he make to them Confession.*

*He ne'er design'd they should depart,
Till he had try'd his utmost Art,
And brought about what he premised,
By Methods which he had devised.
But ere he could accomplish that,
Which he so eagerly aim'd at,
Each Guest by Turns did play his Part,
And force a Passage to his Heart :
There did they bear imperial Sway,
And Nought could drive those Fiends away ;
Till in due Time pale ghastly Death,
Depriv'd the Cardinal of Breath.*

THE MORAL.

*The Moral of the Fable's good,
If right apply'd and understood :
To countenance at any Rate,
What hastens an untimely Fate,*

E

Tho'

*Tho' it approaches by Degrees,
 (And what one can't, another sees)
 Self-Murder is, without Dispute,
 Which no Man ever can refute.*

As, Madam, I have the greatest Veneration and Respect for you and your Family, I am very willing to administer as Cordial Advice to you, as I would to my own Sister, if she were in the like unhappy Circumstances: Reflect therefore with yourself, strive to get the upper Hand of your Melancholly, and groan not under your Affliction: The Way to effect this, is to arm yourself with Resolution, shew your Fortitude, and you will soon conquer your Malady. Consider that by the Laws of Heaven and Earth you are forbid to do any Thing which may endanger, much more destroy your Life; and even tho' they did not command it, yet consider that Self-Preservation is the first Law of Nature. I own, Madam, that to be separated from the Person we love, will create a Perturbation of Mind, but then we ought to appease it as soon as possible, and not indulge ourselves in what is so pernicious to us: Before you had suffer'd yourself to be seduced, you should have considered what would have been the Consequences of such a Seduction; but you will say that Love was the occasion of it, vicious Love indeed generally terminates in Disgrace, but virtuous Love will always be honoured and respected. However,

ever, Madam, as the Case now stands, it ought to be some Comfort to you, that you are not the only unhappy Mistress who has been cast off; your Circumstances will enable you to live like a Gentlewoman, but how many of your Sex have been turned away suddenly, unprovided, and exposed in a Manner naked to the World? And if you reflect as a Christian, you should bless the Hour of your Separation, for it has prevented you from continuing to lead a lewd Life, to the Disgrace of yourself and Family: Whereas if you now amend your Ways, they may prove the Means of obliterating your Blemishes, or mitigating at least the Censure of the World. I have so much Charity and Good-nature to believe that you have been constant to the Person, the Loss of whose Affection you lay to Heart; but as our Sex are naturally Rovers, and if a Wife cannot secure to herself the Man whom she has married, there is no Reason for a Mistress to expect she can engross even the Person (tho' unmarried) by whom she was led astray: And truly, in my Judgment, Madam, it ought to be a double Consolation to you, that you now have it in your Power to make yourself happy in retrieving your Credit by marrying a Gentleman of Fortune. Sink not therefore under your present Burthen; it is in vain to mourn any longer, and though you may be allowed to grieve, yet that Grief should not be immoderate, because

it would be sinful on a virtuous Account,
and is prejudicial to Health and Tranquil-
lity.

I remain, Madam,

Your assured Friend, and

Humble Servant.

F — LI's LABOUR.

THE Story, which I shall rehearse
In *Hudibrastick*, doggrel Verse,
Relates to one, as I may tell y'
Eclypped Signor F — li.
You may depend on't it is true,
As certainly as it is new,
A Paradox, a Thing uncommon,
And sung of neither Man or Woman :
It walks upright, and this same Creature
Has in its Face each female Feature.

Conny, a Lass of black Renown,
Well noted throughout all the Town,
Soon singled out, with Heart of Joy,
This Womanish, this o'ergrown Boy.
Not having Pow'r to shun her Charms,
She quickly had him in her Arms ;
They liv'd like Man and Wife together,
Unsettled as is *April-Weather* :

Perceiving

Perceiving how Extravagant
 She was, and Money growing Scant,
 He said, that scorning to deceive her,
 She must begone, for he would leave her.
Conny, this Warning took in Dudgeon,
 She thought that she had hook'd the Gudgeon,
 As she had often done before
 To others, at least half a Score ;
 Thus to be treated with Disdain,
 She said, went hard against the Grain ;
 And since that he with her did sport,
 Vow'd that he shou'd pay dearly for't.
 Such Usage she could ne'er forget,
 And first she ran him deep in Debt,
 To give him something she was willing,
 That for a while shou'd spoil his Singing.

It was not long before they parted,
 They smil'd, they kiss'd, and seem'd light-
 hearted.

E're twice three Days were past and gone,
 His woeful Case he did bemoan ;
 Too late he found what was the Matter,
 And wish'd he never had been at her ;
 Wish'd that he ne'er had seen the Face,
 Which was the Cause of his Disgrace.
 But since, alas ! as he had don't,
 To put the better Gloss upon't,
 A sudden Thought came in his Head,
 And he resolv'd to keep his Bed.
 How-do-y's were like Small-Shot sent,
 This Lady pin'd with Discontent ;
 Another, who gave Way to Grief,
 Her Jewels pawn'd for his Relief.

A Dut-

A Dutcheſs, wrapt in deep Diſpair,
 Ask'd a brave, honeſt, *Engliſh* Peer,
 If there were Hopes of *F—lli* :
 The Peer reply'd, if I muſt tell y',
 His Caſe is bad ; 'tis his Miſhap,
 To be in Labour——with a C——p.

*Faithful Memoirs of Sir J— M—, who
 was a great Sufferer by the C— C—,
 a Dealer in Stocks, and many Other Things
 and Commodities.*

I Know not any Thing that is more prepoſ-
 terous in Nature, than to ſee a Superanua-
 ted Perſon, toying, and conſuming his Time
 with young Women, when he is paſt the En-
 joyment of them ; he makes as ridiculous a
 Figure at ſuch a juncture, as one who Sets up
 for a Beau in the grand Climaſterical Year of
 his Age, and becomes the general Ridicule of
 Mankind. He may fancy indeed that he is vi-
 gorous and capable of Fruition, but it is mere
 Fancy, and has more of it in his Head, than
 any other Part about him ; he is like an *Alchy-
 miſt*, who imagines he has found out the Phi-
 loſopher's Stone, but when he comes to the
 Trial, is as far from it, as when he firſt began :
 When a Man is incapacitated by Nature, it is
 the Height of Folly to attempt Fruition ; for
 thereby he only expoſes his want of Senſe,
 which in Prudence he ought not to diſcloſe.

If

*If it were Accident alone,
 Art might his Strength reclaim ;
 But when Love's vital Oil is gone,
 What can revive the Flame ?*

Sir J——, was a Gentleman of this Complexion, he had formerly *bubbled* many, but was a *Bubble* himself at last : he was cheated by by the *Ch——le Co——or——n*, dealt largely in Stocks, and every *other Thing* that was on Foot, but this *Biter* was bit by such Means out of 50000*l*. However, he had a plentiful Estate left, two Parts of which he Spent upon Women, whose Company was his chief Delight. He was Nick-named by some the *Conie-Skin Merchant*, tho' he had no more Judgment therein, than he had Skill in cutting them. He loved to gratify two of his Senses, *viz.* his *Sight* and his *Feeling* ; and every Night there was an Assembly of the Nymphs of *Venus* at his House : He often Essay'd, but in vain, to clap them on Board, but he was soon forced to Sheer off, like a *French Privateer* from an *English* Man of War. He was conscious of his Infirmary, and yet hoped that by some Means or other, he might be able to play the Part of a Man, and demonstrate his Virility ; just like a Criminal under Sentence of Death, who foolishly expects a Reprieve, tho' he has neither Friends or Money.

It was the constant Custom of Sir J——, to make his Nymphs strip themselves Naked,
 and

and Dance before him; then he would put them into different Postures, in Expectation of being inticed to Propagation: But all the Art he used, and the Methods which they contrived, were not able to *raise the Dead*. Before Supper, which was always very Eligant, he would shew them his Collection of Pictures, and when he had a mind they should depart, he never failed giving each of them two Guineas, and attended them to their Coaches, lest his Servants might offer to extinguish the Flame, which he had raised; and dismissed them with whispering to each of them, you shall have ten Guineas if you can bring a young Girl to me. One Night as he was shewing his Curious Paintings, one of the Company seeing the Picture of *Solomon* seated on a Throne, said she never saw any Thing so like Sir J——, and that the Limner had displayed his Judgment as well as his Art; she thought this was a great Compliment, and plumed herself very much, wishing she might obtain his Favour by it; but an Arch-Nymph, said very Smartly, What, that old Fellow like Sir J——, Lud, Madam, where are your Eyes? have you lost your Judgment? Here, says she, pointing to the Picture of *Paris*, is Sir J——, Twins can not have a nearer Resemblance; but I must own that tho' Painters are apt to flatter the Person whose Picture they draw, yet the Artist has not done Justice to Sir J——, in this Piece, for it is not half so handsome as the Original. I thank you, my *Helen*, said the K——, for your Compliment,

ment, and then he made her a handsome Present. I must Acknowledge, continued he, that you are not Singular in your Opinion, for it has been often taken for mine, and I think I can Trace therein some Features of my own Face. The young Woman tittered, and could scarce refrain from bursting out into a loud Laughter, to hear the *K——t's* Vanity; but she who was the occasion of it, said, truly Sir *J---*, I see there not only your Features, but every Line and Lineament of your Face. She would have proceeded, but Notice was given that Supper was on the Table.

When their Repast was over, they went up Stairs again, where Sir *J---* diverted himself as before-mention'd, so that he past with the Nymphs under the Denomination of the *Grand Posture-Master*. The *K——t* was presented with a Machine-Chair, by one of the greatest Debauchees of the Age. The Reader I suppose will readily guess that I mean the late Col. *Ch——r——s*, who by some Means or other, bilk'd *Tyburn*; here he placed his *Helen*, as he called her, and the Back of the Chair falling half way down, she was immediately in a Posture the most Advantageous that any Man could desire. He was much delighted with the contrivance of the Machine, and hoped to have had much Pleasure by the Use of it; but, alas! he was deceived, for he had no Erection in any Part about him, except his Ears and his Under-teeth: And how could he expect any, who had led the Life of a Libertine, and was

Eighty years old. He dismissed the Nymphs as usual ; and in this Course he continued, till Sickness seized him, and inexorable Death arrested him : Whether he repented on his Death-Bed, and became a Convert, is not in my Power to determine.

The Buxom L A D Y. Inscrib'd to a German noted for his Skill in Surgery and Anatomy.

SOME say, *Intriguing* is an Evil,
 And first invented by the Devil ;
 I will not tell you when or where,
 Lest it may drive you to Despair ;
 If this be true, Heaven help Beginners,
 And Mercy take on all old Sinners ;
 But to intrigue, and then be caught,
 Is an unpardonable Fault.
 Variety, I own, we covet,
 And who is she, that does not love it ?
 But as our Husbands *watch our Waters*,
 We shou'd with Prudence manage Matters ;
 And tho' the Motion of the Blood
 Is not with Ease to be withstood ;
 Yet for the Sake of Reputation,
 (A Thing now almost out of Fashion)
 Methinks, dear Madam, 'tis but Reason,
 To chuse a proper Time and Season.

When next you burn with fierce Desire,
 Make Men your Choice to quench your Fire ;

Ap-

Apprentices, tho' grown robust,
 You ne'er should chuse to cool your Lust:
 Remember what the Proverb says,
 At Home old *Reynard* never preys;
 Thus by the Fox due Warning take,
 And a spruce young Gallant forsake;
 Chuse Hours most physically wholesome,
 To *Cupid's* Wound t' apply the Balsam;
 Or if it be expedient found,
 Let Men of Judgment *probe* that Wound.

W O M A N C O N V I N C ' D .

TO you, dear Madam, this I send,
 Receive it kindly from your Friend;
 For now I write in Viñdication
 Of the Fair Sex from Defamation,
 Unjustly cast upon them all,
 The Rich, the Poor, the Great, the Small.
 Some say, the Women are by Fate
 Inflexible, and obstinate:
 Let 'em resolve what now I ask,
 It is no hard, but easy Task:
 Are Women's Tempers all the same?
 If not, then sure they are to blame,
 Who make so great a Rout and Pother,
 Blending one Woman with another:
 To Prejudice they thus give Way,
 And from Truth's Paths are led astray:

In Judgment and Opinion blind,
 As by Experience oft' we find,
 And yet pretend (for want of Learning)
 They're doubly gifted in Discerning.

But yet, dear Madam, I must own
 A Woman's Obstinacy's shewn
 Too frequent, for she is tenacious,
 As are a Miser's Bags capacious,
 Yet in good Truth I must confess,
 For I in Conscience can't do less,
 Tho' she scarce bears a Contradiction,
 She will at last yield to Conviction.

Thus *Chloe* stiffly did deny
 With Matrimony to comply ;
 Saying, no Joy could ever spring
 From any two-leg'd, hairy Thing ;
 But importun'd to make a Trial,
 Soon, what she said, she did deny all :
 I am convinc'd, fair *Chloe* cry'd,
 No Woman's happy, till a Bride.

On Miss N——, lately promoted.

Your Choice, dear Madam, some arraign,
 And seem to treat you with Disdain ;
 But this is Envy and Grimace,
 Not one, but would supply your Place.
 Thus did the *Fox* with eager Eye
 The juicy luscious Grapes espy ;
 But quickly said, *Those Grapes were sour,*
 Because they were not in his Power.

Women of late are grown censorious,
 The smallest Slip they make notorious ;

With

With Magnifying Glasses they
 Another's little Faults survey ;
 But thro' Perspective Glass their own
 Monstrous Enormities are shewn.
 Yet think not, Madam, I write this,
 To countenance unlawful Blifs ;
 For, you well know, you have been guilty,
 E'er since *Your Lord* began to Tilt you :
 Howe'er 'twas Prudence to secure
 What will prevent *Your being Poor* :
 A needy W—— is sure a Curse,
 Nothing in Nature can be worse.

Your Arms full you possess of Joy ;
 Madam, reflect how soon 'twill cloy ;
 If you'd secure your Lover's Heart,
 You must act well the *Woman's Part* ;
 Use *Art* to please, and give Delight ;
 Consult new Stratagems each Night ;
 Be *passive* now, soon active be,
 And ne'er refuse a *Maiden's Fee*.

F I N I S.

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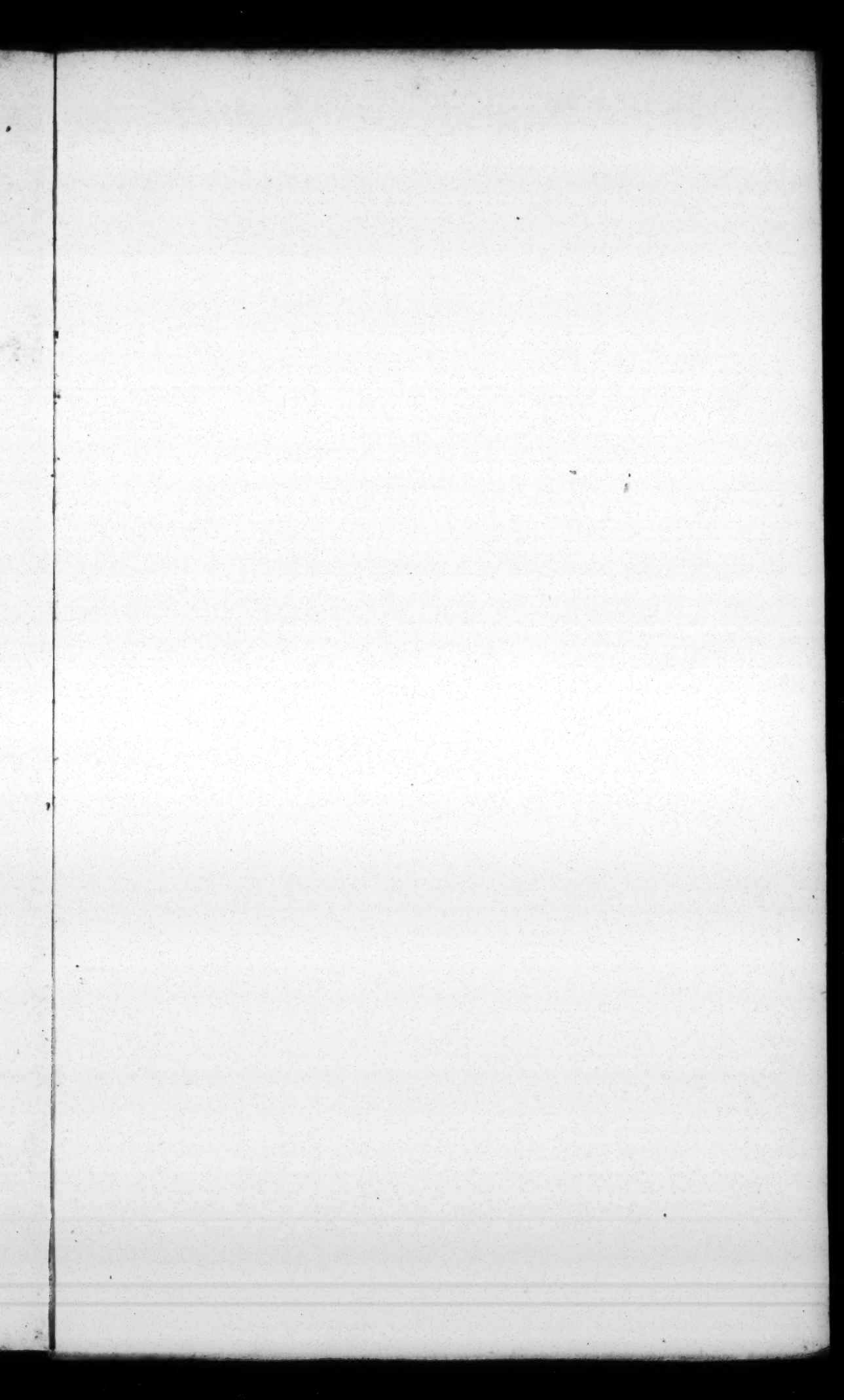
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